

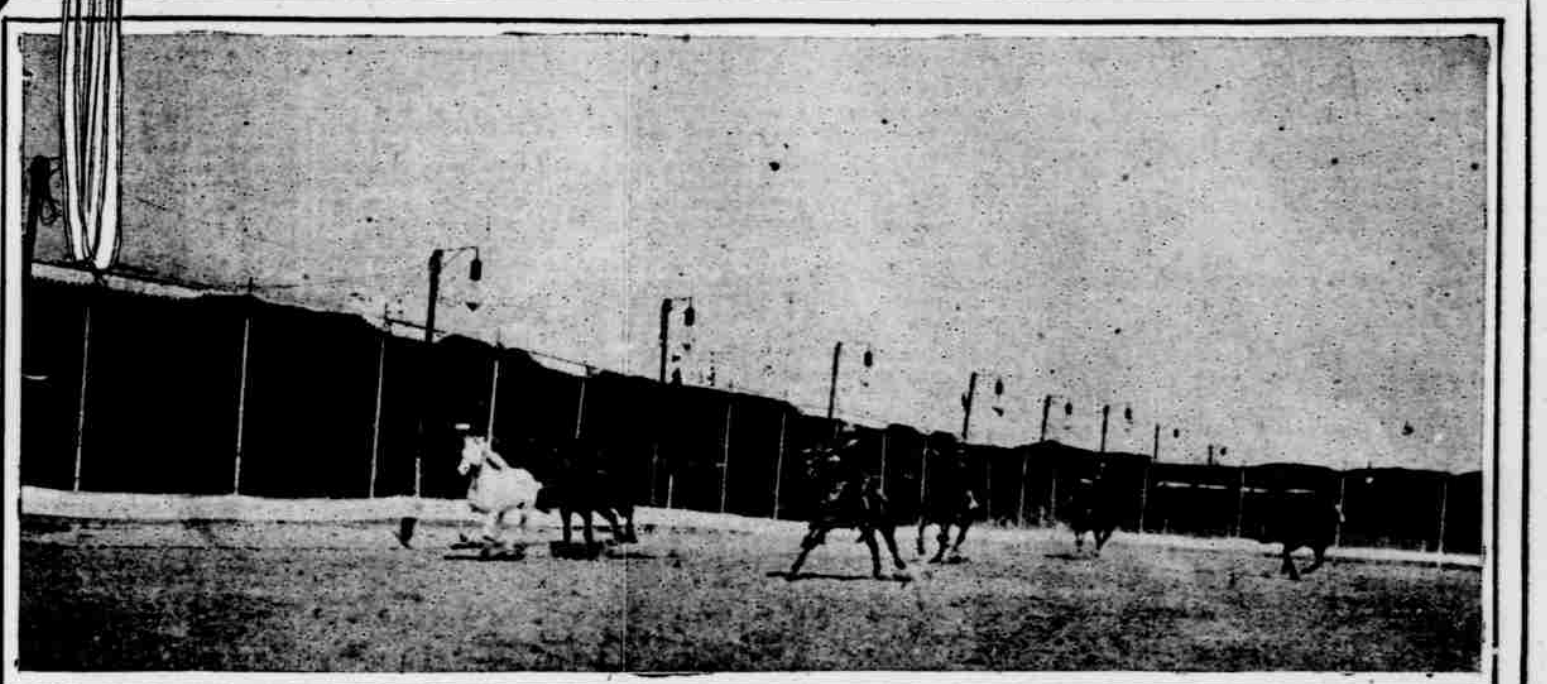
# THE NEW INTERNATIONAL CAVALRY HORSE.



THE BRONCHO BUSTER, AND HIS LARIAT.



THE BRONCHO IN TRAINING.



ROPING A BRONCHO.

The American Bucking Broncho, Once Trained, Has Met With Approval Wherever Tried.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The American broncho is fast becoming the cavalry horse of the world's armies.

Time was when the Western range horse—the "cayuse" of the plains—was a despised animal, considered as good for the work of the cowboy, and, occasionally, as accessible material for packers not too particular as to the origin of their beef. That has all been changed. To-day it is a recognized and accepted maxim that there is no better animal for the cavalryman's use than the little, light, wiry, untiring broncho of the West. He is now the cavalry horse of the United States, of England, of France and of Italy.

It was the polo players who began it. Wyoming, a cattle country filled with cowboys, game, ponies and mountains, early appealed to the families of England desirous of finding a place for the bestowal of younger sons. The young Englishmen came, bringing with them the sports of the home country, and among those sports was polo.

Now the playing of polo emphatically demands a horse. The Englishmen found awaiting them only the tough little Western bronchos, but before they had ridden them a week they had discovered that a cow pony trained to turn in its own length while at full gallop and to follow a particular cow through the steam and dust of a round-up could also follow a polo ball in a fashion

never seen before.

Pretty soon the news of the wonderful abilities of those Wyoming cow ponies, whose virtues Colonel William F. Cody has long exploited, traveled to other countries, and there sprang up a demand for Western bronchos. After awhile those wonderful ponies found their way to India, to China, to South Africa and to every part of the world where men ride horses. Then some travelers, more observant than others, who had preceded them, noticed that there was a strong family likeness between the horses ridden by the Czar's Cossacks and the horses with which they had become familiar under the name of American bronchos.

Up to that time the cavalry horse of the world had been a sort of a cross between a truck horse and the animal you see in a harness cab. There was talk of the power, quickness and endurance of the American bronchos, but the cavalry authorities declared that they were altogether too light for the work for which they would be needed. Then they found that one of these little, light, despised horses could carry a big cow-puncher at a gallop through a long and hard day's work and have enough grit left to buck him out of the saddle at the end of it.

And then the cavalry authorities began to think, and the result has been the almost universal adoption of the broncho—slightly

modified, it is true—by the armies of the world. When the war between the British and the Boers broke out the English sent buyers over here to purchase all the bronchos they could get. They are buying yet. The horses upon which General French made his wonderful ride to the relief of Kimberley were American bronchos. The horses upon which the Italian cavalrymen performed such wonderful feats are American bronchos, and so it goes throughout the world.

It takes a good deal of work to convert a Western broncho into a serviceable cavalry mount, for the small broncho has a way of his own with men, and from his youth objects to being ridden. He is ridden, nevertheless, but it is often in such a way that he never quite forgets how to assert his American independence.

His first lesson usually comes when some long-limbed cow-puncher of his home ranch drops the loop of a rope over his fore feet, knocks him flat with a twist of the wrist and drags him from his mother's side to the place where a man waits with a red-hot branding iron. Another lesson comes later—two years later, when another cow-puncher, a professional "broncho buster" if not yet, gives him his first lesson of the rope.

The pony may run wildly around the corral and try his hardest to get away, but, nevertheless, there comes a time when

the hated lariat settles about his neck and he finds himself a prisoner. The broncho, knowing nothing of the power of the rope, tries to run. As he does so, the older cow-horse, upon which his captor sits, settles quietly upon his haunches and waits for the shock. It comes soon enough. Up go the pony's heels and down he goes, flat on his back. It is within the bounds of possibility that this experience will break his neck, but if that happens, it does not matter particularly. There are plenty more bronchos—thousands of them. Nobody stops to consider one broncho more or less.

Before the half-stunned pony has tried to rise other men slip to his side and place upon his head a queer arrangement of ropes, called a hackamore. It is so arranged that a strong pull upon it will press the pony's nostrils and stop his breathing.

Then to the hackamore there is fastened a long rope called the stake rope, and with this the broncho is picketed out for a few days in the open sage-brush. Whenever he tries to run he gets half choked; whenever he struggles he gets tangled-up in the rope and scrapes the hide from his heels. In three days he is a chastened pony and a man can go near him; but he can't ride him. Not yet.

There comes a day when the broncho buster, with a couple of assistants, walks up to the indignant broncho and throws a

blanket over his back. The pony promptly bucks it off again and plunges wildly against the rope. It doesn't do him much good, for one of the cowboys loosens the scarf from his neck and binds it over the broncho's eyes, whereupon he stands helpless and trembling, not knowing what may happen next.

Not much time is given for consideration, for almost at once there falls upon his back the weight of a big cow saddle. It is a poor broncho that does not buck the saddle off again, not once, but a dozen times, but the men who are holding him have limitless patience—and they know their work very well.

Very gingerly the chief broncho buster reaches under the pony and gets hold of the cinch, or girth, and very swiftly does he pull it tight. Never before has the broncho felt anything like this, and he fights with the terror of a trapped wild beast. It is all in vain, though, for soon enough he has to bear a worse indignity—the tightening of the back cinch, and once more he plunges and bucks to be free.

And then comes the crucial part of the work. The blinding neck scarf is slipped from the broncho's eyes and he looks out, red-eyed and wild, upon his captors. The broncho buster has coiled up the long stake rope and holds it in his hand; the two other men are hanging to the broncho's head and twisting it sideways. Quiet-

ly and cautiously the broncho buster slips to the side of the pony, talking to him meanwhile in terms that are decidedly not those of endurance. Then there come a run, a jump and a pull combined and—the cowboy is in the saddle for keeps.

With a yell like that of the coyotes the men who had been holding the broncho's head let go, and away goes the pony in a series of stiff-legged bucks that would send any ordinary rider on a trip to the moon. The broncho-buster, however, is no ordinary rider, and to this fact he has added some of the advantages of equipment. On the upper part of his spurs, for instance, are two strong, blunt hooks. These he catches in the braided girths of the saddle, and, held by these, he can no more be dislodged than the broncho's skin. It must not be supposed, however, that the main reliance of the "buster" is placed upon these appliances, because it emphatically isn't. A festive cowboy has been known to playfully insert one of his spurs in the broncho's ear while the other toyed with its hind leg without disturbing the rider's seat to any appreciable extent.

Even if the pony does get rid of his rider, he has not won the battle—not by a lot. However fit, and however hard he may be thrown, it is a practical certainty that he still retains hold of the long stake rope, and this quickly uncoils from his hand as the pony dashes wildly away. Springing

quickly to his feet, the broncho-buster runs out sideways from the course of the pony, for he knows that a straight pull would send him end over end. Holding one end of the rope close to his side, he settles down upon his heels, and then, just as the rope goes taut, he gives it a swift and peculiar shake. That quick twist runs in a wave along the rope and reaches the head of the pony just as the rope comes tight. It is a trick of the rope, of course, but it is one of the most effective ones that is known. It pulls down the head of the pony as if the earth itself were attached to it, and in all probability that broncho gets a fall that effectively takes the tucker out of him. The cow-puncher knows that by giving the rope that peculiar twist he can throw the strongest and heaviest horse that ever wore shoes.

Before the broncho can rise he finds his conqueror standing over him and when he gets up he finds the relentless rider again in the saddle. That usually finishes the pony, and he gives in. He is by no means broken yet, but he can be ridden by any one with nerve and some skill. From that point his education goes on rapidly. He learns the use of the bridle and how to stop and turn; he learns that man is not necessarily his sworn enemy, and within six months he has been converted into a horse good enough for any cavalryman to use on a forced march.

CLIFTON SPARKS.

## OLDEST SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT IN THE STATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Mr. Edward B. Neely of St. Joseph, Mo., is the oldest public school superintendent in the State, both in years and in point of service. Although he has passed the seventy-first milestone on his journey of life and is completing his thirty-sixth year of service in the St. Joseph public schools, he retains much of his youthful energy and vigor and is the youngest old man of his town.

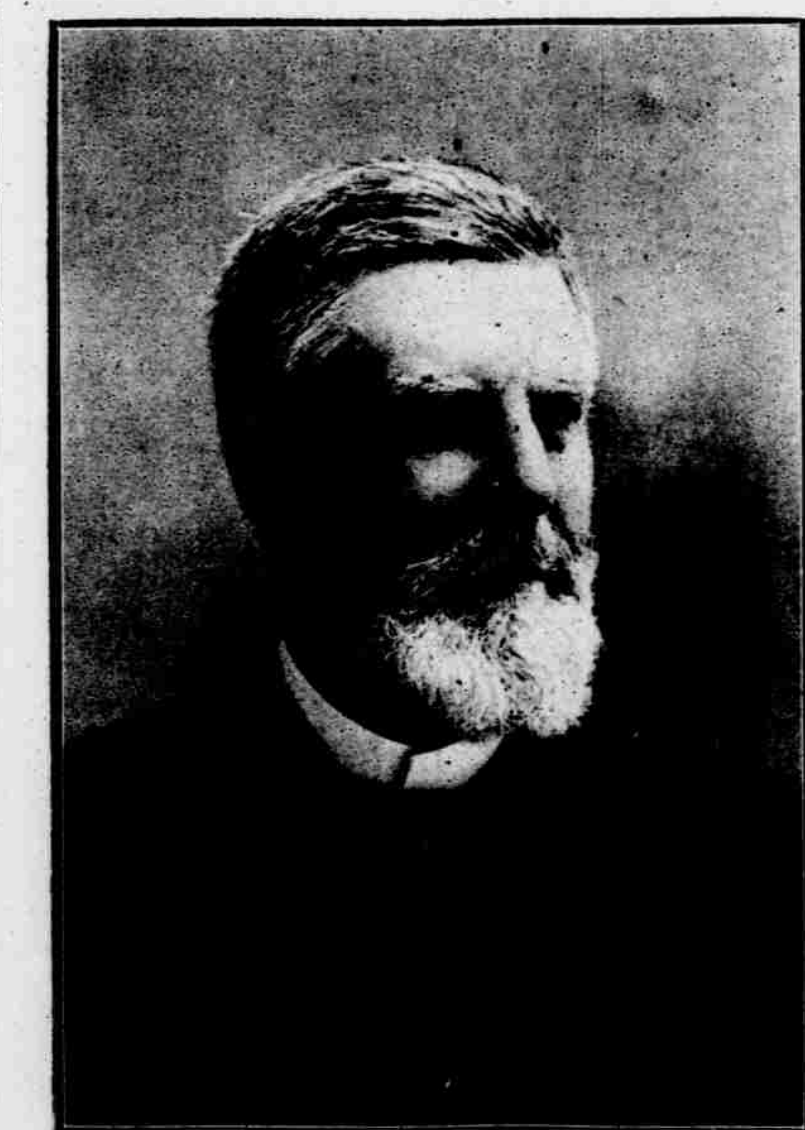
Like Washington, he may have grown gray in the public service, but, unlike him, his eyesight is perfect. Through a pair of keen, clear, gray eyes he has looked approval or disapproval upon refractory children for more than half a century, but he has never seen their faults through glasses. This is remarkable for one whose eyesight has been heavily taxed. When asked to what he attributed this great good fortune, he replied:

"It has been my custom from boyhood to press the eyeballs from the outer corners between thumb and fingers in bathing or drying them, rather than from the front, which tends to flatten the lens. I was told this by my old college professor."

Mr. Neely is a native of Virginia and a typical Virginia gentleman. Concerning his early life he said: "There is little of interest to relate. I was born on Christmas Day, 1828, in Accomac County, Virginia. My boyhood was spent in Washington, during the administrations of Harrison, Tyler and Polk. I was prepared for college by my father, who was quite a noted classical scholar. At the age of 17 I entered the junior class of Washington College, Pennsylvania, now known as the Washington and Jefferson College."

"My knowledge of Greek and Latin must have been pretty thorough then, for soon after entering school I was summoned before the president, at no small embarrassment to myself, as I felt sure I had already made some terrible blunder and was now going to be reprimanded. But it was only to tell me that for years there had been a standing order in the school, that the student found competent was to be engaged to instruct the preparatory classes in Latin and Greek, and that I was the first upon whom they could confer that honor."

Thus his career as teacher began at 17. He graduated at the age of 19, and in the class with James G. Blaine. In 1853 he married Charlotte Slagle and three years later determined to come West. In 1854 the public schools were organized in St. Joseph, and Mr. Neely was unanimously



MR. EDWARD B. NEELY.

mously chosen Superintendent, though he was not an applicant. This position he has held continuously for thirty-six years. Aside from the St. Joseph schools, Mr. Neely has always been active in general educational work. In 1866 he was elected president of the first Teachers' Association ever held in the State. It assembled in St. Louis. For a number of years he held the

position of County Superintendent of Buchanan, until the demands on his time caused by the rapid growth of the St. Joseph schools made him decline reappointment. In 1870 he was appointed by Governor McCreary a member of the Board of Regents to locate the two State Normal schools. At their first meeting, held in Jefferson City,

he was elected president of the board, and aided in the location of both institutions. Through his influence and co-operation St. Joseph has established a free public library, which was one of the first in the State.

If Mr. Neely has a hobby, it is a public library. One incident characteristic of his energy and pluck in this direction he relates concerning his boyhood days in Washington. "As a boy of 15 I was put on a committee of two to solicit subscriptions for a free library in Washington. It was decided between us that the President's name would be worth more to us than that of any other man, therefore we planned to see him first. But my co-committeeman deserted me, and I had to face the terrors of a presidential interview alone. After waiting for some time, I was finally given an interview with the President, who was James K. Polk."

"He quizzed me unmercifully about the object of my visit and required me to leave names and papers and call another day. When I returned for his answer I was kept waiting until my courage was at the vanishing point. When I did see him, he handed me the papers without a word. I left him feeling that all was lost. But outside, on opening the paper, I found a subscription of \$10 from the President."

Mr. Neely has had leave of absence twice to visit Europe. He traveled extensively through Great Britain and on the Continent and spent considerable time in Germany acquiring himself with the German system of education.

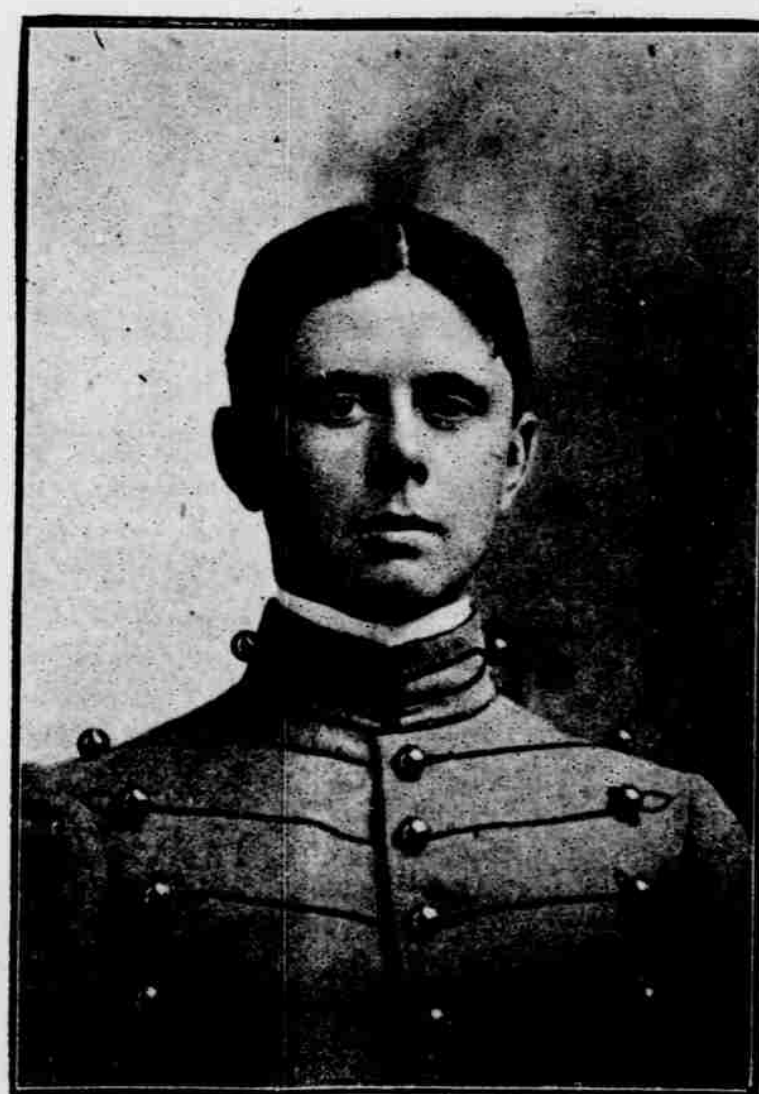
NELLIE BROWN SEEBRE.

## STUDIES FOR FOUR POPULAR NOVELS.

A LIBRARIAN in Connecticut has suggested the following list of readings in connection with four of the popular novels of the day. They were compiled some months ago and have since been printed for the convenience of inserting them in copies of the respective books.

The following is the reading suggested for "Janice Meredith": Ford's "True George Washington"; Sparks's "Story of Washington"; Sparks's "Life of Washington"; Sparks's "Writings of Washington"; Eggleston's "Beginners of a Nation"; Fisher's "Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times"; Fiske's "American Revolution"; Fiske's "Critical Period of American History"; Larned's "History of the People of the United States" (v. 1, 64, 65, 187); Trevelyan's "American Revolution"; Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of the United States."

The collateral reading suggested for "Richard Carvel": 1750-1770 (Circa), as follows: Fiske's "Critical Period of Amer-



ERNEST EDWIN ALLEN.

Among the cadets of the class of '00 who will graduate at West Point is Ernest Edwin Allen, son of Henry V. and Mary B. Allen of 344 Pine street, St. Louis. Cadet Allen received his appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point just after graduation, with honors, from the Manual Training School, St. Louis, Mo., 1896. He received his appointment from Seth W. Cobb, and has the honor of being the first to graduate from his, the Twelfth District. Commencement day is June 12. Mr. Allen seems to be bearing up the military spirit of the family, each of his great-grandfathers being officers in the American Revolution. After graduation in company with his sister, Miss Isabelle Allen, he will visit Fortress Monroe, Washington and Annapolis. Then come home for a furlough.

ican History"; Fisher's "Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times"; Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century"; Vol. III; Sydney's "England in the Eighteenth

22-368; Vol. II, pages 266-267; Burke's "Works"; Vol. I, II; Morley's "Edmund Burke"; Trevelyan's "Early History of Fox"; Croly's "Personal History of George IV"; 2 vols.; Fitzgerald's "George IV, Goldwin Smith's "Pitt"; Walpole's "Letters"; 2 vols.; Dobson's "Horace Walpole"; Cooper's "Naual History of the United States"; Roosevelt's "Naval War of 1812"; The following is for "Via Crucis": La Croix's "Military and Religious Life in the Middle Ages"; Pages 118-121; Larned's "History for Ready Reference"; Vol. II, 182; France, A. D. 1168-1190; Vol. I, Page 126; "Aquitaine"; A. D. 117-1182; Vol. IV, 318; "Toulouse"; Vol. I, Book IV, Chapter 4.5; Pages 22-25; Michael's "History of the Crusades"; Vol. I, Book VI, Pages 22-31; "Champanne"; "Romance of the Feudal Chateaux"; Chapter 4.5; "Norman Conquest"; Vol. V, Pages 154, 151-155; "Norman Conquest"; Vol. I, Page 201; Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England"; Volume II, page 28; Halliwell-Phillips's "Letters of the Kings of England"; volume I, pages 29, 35; Shakespeare's "Henry VIII"; Craik's "Cardinal Wolsey"; Halliwell-Phillips's "Europe"; In his works, volume V, part I, chapter 4; Drummond's "Erasmus"; volume I, page 15, et seq.; Froide's "Life and Letters of Erasmus"; page 34, et seq.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

WE have a way of generalizing in the most superior fashion in regard to more ancient races. This, however, is a boot for the other foot—a quotation from a certain Chinese essayist, who thus describes the American people:

"They live months without eating a mouthful of rice. They eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities. They have to bathe frequently."

The men dress all alike, and to judge from their appearance, they are all coolies; neither are they ever to be seen carrying a fan or an umbrella, for they manifest their ignorant contempt of these insignia of gentlemen by leaving them entirely to women. None of them have finger-nails more than an eighth of an inch long. They eat meat with knives and prongs.

They never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid to do it. They have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women.